THE

Weekly Comedy:

OR, THE

Humours of the AGE:

As Daily Acted in

Town and Country.

To be Continued every Friday.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Levy, *a Recruiting Officer.*
Hazard, *a Gameſter.*
Bite, *a Sharper.*
Prim, *a Beau.*
Blunt, *a Plain-Dealer.*
Whim, *a Projector.*

Venture, *a Merchant.*
Talley, *a Stock-Jobber.*
Querpo, *a Quack.*
Trick, *a Lawyer.*
Grim, *an Aſtrologer.*
Froth, *a Punſter.*

Double, *a Time-ſerver.*
Bays, *a Poet.*
Log, *a Mariner.*
Harlem, *a News-writer.*
Guzzle, *a Hard Drinker.*
Bohee, *the Coffee-man.*

Note, That we ſhall change our Scene from Place to Place, and vary our Characters as Occaſion ſhall require.

Friday November the 28th, 1707.

SCENE *a* Tavern. Venture, Talley, *and* Double, *ſitting at a Table.* *Enter* Harlem.

Harlem. YOU that are of the *Church*, Gentlemen, may toſs up your Bonnets, and fill a Bumper to my *Lord-Mayor*; he has got the Day in ſpite of all the Artifice of the *Oppoſite* Party.

Venture. I am glad to hear it with all my Heart; he is a Worthy Gentleman, and deſerves the Honour of being the firſt *Britiſh* Member for the City.

Talley. Are all the Boaſtings of the Indefatigable Saints come at laſt to this? I thought they had been ſo cock-ſure of their own *Candidate*, that they

would have given a Thouſand, and have *Poll'd* with their Adverſaries?

Double. So we could, if there had not been ſo many *Ovens* and *Tap Tubs* in the City of *London:* I can tell you that, Sirs, we loſt it by nothing but *Light-Loaves* and *Short-Meaſure*; if we had not been Blinded with the Meal-Duſt the *Bakers* ſhook out of their White Coats, and over-flow'd by the Malt-Liquor the *Victualers* brought in their Tun-Bellies, you would have look'd as Blue, as you think we do, now ſo greatly diſappointed.

Venture. You muſt have a care, Mr. *Double*, how you talk ſo much of the *Loaves*, leſt it puts us in mind of the *Fiſhes*. I'll warrant, if the *Sprat-Women* could but have *Poll'd*, you would have found an Equivolent.

Double. Have you got that fooliſh Tale by the end; I know your meaning; but, there's nothing in't, as the *News-Drabs* have it. *Contending Parties* will ſay any thing upon an *Election.*

Talley. I know the Truſty *Zealots* of your *Kidney* will never allow any *Calumny* to be true but what's of your own Coining.

Venture. I am againſt all *Calumny* upon ſuch Occaſions, either true or falſe, for no manner of Artifice ought to be us'd, that may either Biaſs, or Prejudice the *Electors*, or Impede, in any meaſure the Freedom of the *Election.*

Double. You ſpeak, Mr. *Venture*, like a very Honeſt Man. I proteſt to you, Seriouſly, I am of your mind to a Tittle.

Harlem. But, I remember when your *Candidate* was declar'd upon the *Huſtings*, I my ſelf heard you Bawling, in the *Hall*, with a much Violence as any Body, *No Cornish Juryman*

Double. I confeſs I was a little over-joy'd to ſee Things go on ſo Proſperouſly; and, perhaps, ſuch a Saying might drop out of my Mouth before I was aware of it; but I was ſorry for it afterwards.

Talley. Not, I ſuppoſe, till you found your Spiteful Endeavours prov'd all but ineffectual, and then, perhaps, you might think it a fault to diſcover ſo much ill-Nature towards ſo Good a *Magiſtrate* to ſo little purpoſe; but had your Wiſhes prevail'd, you would have certainly been Proud of what you are now Aſham'd off.

Venture. Pray, Mr. *Double*, how came your Candidate to be ſo much miſtaken in the number of his Friends, as to Scoffingly ſay, *When a Poll was Demanded he could give his Oppoſite a Thouſand.*

Double. Wiſemen are oftentimes miſtaken, eſpecially in Matters ſo Precarious and Uncertain.

Venture. Then they ſhou'd not be ſo Merry about the Mouth, till they are infallibly ſure of what they are gaping for.

Double. P'ſhaw, pſhaw: A Gentleman that Plays at that ſort of Game may be allow'd to Laugh, tho' he does not Win.

Harlem. The Knight's Diſappointment in the Number of his Friends, puts me in Mind of a very applicable Story, *viz. In the Reign of King* Charles II. *a very violent Defender of* Liberty *and* Property *happen'd to be Proſecuted for a Miſdemeanour, found Guilty, and Fined a Hundred Pounds, which was a Sum too heavy for his own Circumſtances; ſo that he had no way left but the bounty of his Friends to Redeem him from Priſon: and being too poſſitive of their Kindneſs, happen'd, Vauntingly, to ſay, after his Fine was paſſed,* That he did not value it of Three-pence, for he had Friends enough in the City of *London* to Pay ſuch a Sum as that for

for him, with ſo ſmall a Trifle as a Groat a piece: *His Majeſty happening to be inform'd of his Arrogant Expreſſion, was pleaſed to ſay*, That he would Receive that Fine himſelf, and tell it Over with his own Fingers, tho' it came all in Groats. *But the unhappy Offender was ſo mightily Diſappointed in the Number of his Friends, that he could not find a ſingle Benefactor amongſt 'em all, that would give him one Groat.* Therefore 'tis not good to be too ſure; for he that depends upon a multitude of Friends, may, perhaps, at a dead-lift, be Serv'd by a few; but upon all Emergencies will certainly find he will be Deceiv'd by many.

Venture. Pray how got your *Property Man*, at laſt, his *Liberty*, ſince by his Friends fail'd him?

Harlem. After he had lain ſome time in Priſon he made an Intereſt to ſome of the Loyal *Aldermen*, to ſet their Hands to a Petition, fill'd with a great deal of Humility, Sorrow, Recantation, and Repentance, *&c.* The King hearing how his Legeon had ſerv'd him, order'd thoſe that deliver'd the Petition, to tell the Petitioner, viz. *That ſince his Groats have fail'd him, and that he is ſorry for his Crime, he ſhall find me a much better Friend than all his boaſted Number:* So his Majeſty, according to his wonted Mercy, Commanded his Fine to be Remitted.

Venture. He was a Prince of great Wiſdom as well as Clemency, notwithſtanding the *Grinning Hag* under the Steps upon the *Monument*, has bewitch'd ſo many *Hot-Spurs* to be ſuch Enemies to his Character.

Talley. Prithee, Mr. *Harlem*, what Notable Exploits happen'd at the Election? Generally ſome Accident or other falls out at ſuch a time, that proves very Diverting.

Harlem. One Occurrence I chanc'd to hear of betwixt his *Lordſhip* and a ſtiff Necked *Quaker*; that I think was both Pleaſant and Remarkable.

Venture. Pray Mr. *Harlem*, let's have the Benefit of it? For the Diſreſpectful Deportment of a *Quaker* to a *Magiſtrate* commonly affords ſome Pleaſantry.

Harlem. There is a certain *Primitive Chriſtian*, that Lives at the Sign of the *Dancing King* of the *Quadrupedes*, who, like the Man in the *Moon*, has a Buſh Hanging at his Back ——

Talley. If I can gueſs at the *Querpo Zealot* you are Pointing at, he is a *Bacchanalian Saint*, that wears many Badges of his Trade in the light of his Countenance, and has Slav'd himſelf into Riches enough to be as Proud as a Lord.

Harlem. The ſame Diminutive *Truepenny*; you have him right: In the late Election, amongſt ſome others of his Friends, he was Warming the Hall with the Comfortable Rays of his moſt Glowing Phiz, and who ſhould happen to move juſt by him, towards the *Huſtings*, but my *L—d M—yor*, who had the extraordinary Civility, as he paſs'd by, to caſt a *Pearl* before a *Swine*, and beſtow a civil Complement upon the inflexible *Stiff-Rump*, who, being an Enemy by his Principle to all *Ceremony*, receiv'd the Honour as bolt upright as a *Conſtable's-Staff* at Midnight, making no other return to his Lordſhip than in theſe Words, *viz. I underſtand thy meaning, but thou ſhalt be never the better for it.*

Venture. I think he ſhew'd himſelf as Proud in his ſhort Crufty Speech as the *Spaniard* did, who happening to Trip againſt a Stone, Tumbled down in the Street, and leaping up again nimbly upon his Legs, cry'd out, with abundance of Scorn and Indignation, *viz. This it is to walk upon the Ground.*

Double. What would you have a Man

ſay

ſay who is avers'd to all *Ceremony*. I ſuppoſe he was reſolv'd not to Poll for my Lord, becauſe it was his Intereſt to be for the Knight; therefore I think he ſpoke like himſelf, that is, like a *Quaker*.

Talley. I think he anſwer'd his Lordſhip's Civility like a Proud Wealthy Churl, who wanted Manners to behave himſelf as he ought to do to ſo Great a *Magiſtrate*.

Venture. As for the *Quakers* in this Town, I look upon 'em to be a Reſpectful People in their Carriage to every Body; a very Neat People in their Dreſs; very Obliging in Converſation, after their way; very Friendly to their Neighbours; Liberal to their Friends; Grateful to thoſe that Serve them; Honeſt in their Dealings; and very Hoſpitable in their Houſes: But if one, by Chance, ſhould prove ſo *Stiff* and *Haughty*, as to be guilty of ill-Manners to ſo Great a Perſon, the ſingle Error of one Proud Man ought not to inſinuate any Reflection upon the reſt.

Harlem. I would not have you think I told you the Story with any deſign to affront the *Quakers*, for I look upon them, in general, to be a very Friendly, Good-Humour'd, and Peaceable People, but it muſt be allow'd that there are ſome *Wolves* crept into their *Sheeps* Cloathing, as well as among other Saints, who are more *Noiſie*, and leſs *Righteous*.

Enter Bays.

Bays. Your Servant, Gentlemen, I am glad to catch ſuch a Merry Knot of you together.

Omnes. You are Welcome, Mr. *Bays*, we are Joyful to ſee ſo great a Stranger. --- Pray Drink my *Lord Mayor*'s Health in a Bumper, and then you'll be juſt even with us.

Bays. With all my Heart; here's his Lordſhip's Health. —— I heard ſome Hours ſince he had got the better of the Day.

Talley. I know, Mr. *Bays*, you have a Reſpect for my Lord; therefore I hope you will oblige us with ſome little taſte of your Faculty upon this happy Occaſion.

Bays. To tell you the Truth on't, I have been juſt Smoking my Pipe at our old *Coffee-Houſe*, and already Muſing upon the ſame Subject.

Omnes. I hope you'll gratify us with a ſight of your Performance.

Bays. With all my Heart, Gentlemen; if you pleaſe I'll read it to ye.

Talley. Pray, Gentlemen, be Silent.

Bays *plucks a Paper out of his Pocket and reads.*

The ſtruggling *Saints* in ſpite of Care and Coſt,
Altho' Cock-ſure, their mighty Aim have loſt;
The various Projects of their Grand Cabal,
Their early Crowding to the *Common-Hall*,
The Painful Elbows to the Cauſe they lent,
The Time and Money they Profuſely ſpent,
The Fabulous Reports they baſely made,
The Printed Scandal thro' the Town they ſpread,
The ſtudy'd Lies their Canting Tongues diffus'd,
And all the Old *Fanatick* Shifts they us'd,
To their great Grief did ineffectual prove,
And only ſhew'd in vain their *Zeal* and *Love*:
For ſtill the *Church* accompliſh'd what was right,
And juſtly rais'd the *Lord* above the *Knight*.
'Tis true the *Saints* by Diligence and Care,
Firſt fill'd the *Hall* to joſtle out their *Mayor*:
In ſweating Numbers made a wonderous Show,
And thick as *Sprats* in Shoals, mov'd to and fro.
Whilſt their glad *Candidate*, with great Delight
Moſt ſmilingly beheld the pleaſing Sight;
Yet at laſt puſh the *Churchmen* made their way,
And the Pale *Skinny Legions* loſt the Day.
Thus the Knight's hopes, for want of Number [fail'd,
And ſpite of all their Arts the Lord prevail'd.
From whence the *Church*, may to her *Comfort* [ſee,
Thoſe *Saints* that with her Worſhip diſagree
Have loſt their Old *Infability*.

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